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The Right Revnd Father in God
BENJAMIN Ld Bishop of BANGOR.

The Hogg

Protestant POPERY:

OR, THE

CONVOCATION.

A

POEM.

In Five CANTOS.

Addressʼd to the Right Reverend

The Lord BISHOP of *BANGOR.*

Semper ego Auditor tantum, nunquamnè reponam
Vexatus toties?
Incipe, Cálliope, *licet hic considerè; non est*
Cantandum, Res VERA agitur. Juv.

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PREFACE.

I DID not at first intend to trouble the Reader with any Preface, knowing it to be impossible by any Arguments to obtain a favourable and impartial Perusal of a Performance of this Nature, from a Set of Men, who seem of late to have thrown off every human and christian Obligation to Charity and Benevolence, and stick at nothing to promote those carnal arbitrary Interests, which all honest and sober Christians, but especially Protestants, must for ever condemn. Neither do I now trouble Him with such an Intent: For since the most noble, generous and christian Behaviour of the Bishop of *Bangor* towards all his Adversaries, has prov'd

a in-

ineffectual, and ſtill produc'd quite different Treatment towards himſelf, how arrogant and preſumptuous would it be for any one to expect the leaſt Favour, who dares uſe Them after their own Manner? For my ſelf, the Reader will perceive by the following Lines, that I defy their Malice as much as I abhor their Tyranny; and that I diſdain all the blackeſt Miſrepreſentations, that either the moſt bigotted Prejudice can ſuggeſt, or the moſt induſtrious Calumny can invent. I ſhall very readily, and very patiently ſubmit to the Names of *Atheiſt*, *Libertine*, *Freethinker*, *Enemy* to *Religion* and *Revelation*, &c. rather than ſordidly give into Their abſurd and ſelf-contradicting Principles; rather than impiouſly expect my eternal Salvation from a weak human Tribunal; and tamely ſacrifice my Conſcience to the Direction and Diſpoſal of an haughty, petulant, fallible, earthly Guide; rather than profeſs one Thing, and practiſe quite the contrary; rather than call my ſelf a *Proteſtant*, whilſt I am openly acting over the *Papiſt* in the Face of the World. The Man, that can ſtand ſilently by, and unmov'd behold, much more approve and abet ſuch unchriſtian and unwarrantable Proceedings, as the *Engines* of this World have of late been tranſacting, muſt be inſtigated by ſomething worſe than the

the mere Prejudices of Intereſt, Complexion, or Education. It would be no leſs tedious than needleſs to mention the numberleſs Inſtances of Bitterneſs, Malice and Inſolence, which have within one Year only been made uſe of to blacken the unſpotted Character of a truly Chriſtian and Proteſtant Biſhop, ſince his Lordſhip has Himſelf ſo publickly and in ſo full a Manner anſwer'd each particular Calumny, as ſoon as it firſt appear'd in the World, and defeated the cruel Expectations of his Enemies. The Controverſy was no ſooner begun, but the Malignity of his Adverſaries broke out into perſonal Reflections, and perſonal Abuſes; and through the whole Courſe of the Debate nothing is to be met with on one Side, but a continued Series of impotent Slander and Defamation; whilſt on the other, inſtead of ſuch unjuſtifiable Methods of Argument, the Reader finds the moſt concluſive Reaſonings join'd with the moſt benevolent Candour, and chriſtian Deportment. If we may know the Tree by the Fruit that it bears, the Cauſe which is now carrying on, cannot be the Cauſe of Chriſtianity, for the Cauſe of Chriſtianity will never ſtand in need of the meaneſt Artifices of the Devil to ſupport it, but is built on a much

surer Foundation, than of Wrath, of Violence and Persecution.

And here, since the worthy Dean of *Chichester* has thought fit to publish to the World a Catalogue of *unjustifiable Extremes*; which, it seems, his Lordship has run into meerly *thro' Opposition*; I will venture to point out one, amongst ten thousand, which one of his Friends hath run into, and which I humbly conceive to be much more unjustifiable, and much more *shocking* than any he can produce; and which ought indeed to make the Ears of a Christian *tingle*. Mr. *Marsden*, *Archdeacon of Nottingham*, in his Remarks on the Bishop's Sermon, after having attempted to prove that his Lordship had perverted his Text; and that Christ's Kingdom is not the same with Christ's Church, or at least only so in *some Sense*, speaks at last *p.* 23. in this Manner. "This (*that Christ's* "*Kingdom is his Church*) is *gratis dictum* with Re- "lation to your Text, which is an Answer to *Pi-* "*late*, as I have already said; and an Answer not "so *properly Matter of Choice*, but rather our bles- "sed Saviour was in *some Manner obliged* to make "it, by the Nature of *Pilate's Question*, and of "the Occasion." I will now appeal to any impartial Man in the World, whether our blessed

Saviour,

Saviour, the upright, undesigning *Jesus*, is not in this Sentence represented under the Character of a cunning, timorous, cavilling Sophister; of one that would not scruple even a solemn Prevarication, to evade an hampering Question, and to serve a vile worldly Occasion. What Reparation this learned Person is able to make to the whole Christian World for so foul an Indignity on the Person of our Saviour, I confess my self at a Loss to imagine; but hope that with due Application made to Him, He will either explain himself on this Occasion, or forthwith ingenuously retract so ungrounded an Assertion. I the rather mention this learned and scurrilous Remarker, because the ordinary Reader, who may not perhaps have read the whole Controversy, would otherwise think what I have said of Him in the following Poem, to be nothing but Poetical Flourish, and Satyrical Hyperbole and Aggravation; and to induce Him to believe that all my other Characters are not made up of the mere Common-places of Satire, but that most of what I have said, may be justify'd from each Person's particular Writings and Behaviour.

I might also, for my Justification in this Matter, refer the Reader to a late Pamphlet, intitled, *a Letter*

ter to the Reverend Dr. Bradford, *occasion'd by his Sermon preach'd before the King*, &c. He will there find the generous and extensive Protestant-Reformation-Principles so wretchedly straiten'd, and confined to one particular small Number of Men, that it must needs make any considering Christian despair of Salvation; for He has plainly asserted, that nothing but an *exact Unity of Faith and Worship*, of the *Externals* and *Internals* of Religion, will intitle us to the Favour of God. I shall produce an Instance or two. Having stept aside in the beginning of his Letter to take notice of a Sentence in Dr. *Hayley*'s Sermon before the KING, where that learned Divine says, *that it is impossible Men's Thoughts should run exactly in the same Channel:* This Remarker adds, *p. 9. I am of the same Opinion, if They are not guided and directed by* one *and the* same *Rule, but are left every one to follow their own Fancies and Imaginations.* What can *Bellarmine* Himself contend for more?

In another Place he says, *p.* 14.—"All Reasoning "about matters of Religion, and divine Revelation, "must for ever cease and be at an end, if Christians "erect a Court of Conscience in their *own* Hearts, "which cannot be govern'd and determin'd by the "reveal'd Will of God, *or* by the Decisions of the "Bishops

" Biſhops and Paſtors of the Church, in Things " properly ſubject to their Juriſdiction and Autho- " rity." To which it is eaſy to anſwer, That all Reaſonings about *Matters of Religion* and *divine Revelation*, can never be govern'd and determin'd by the reveal'd Will of God, unleſs Chriſtians *erect* a Court of Conſcience in their own Hearts; and that *ſuch Matters of Religion* and *divine Revelation* (if he means any thing to the purpoſe) ought to be govern'd and determin'd by the reveal'd Will of God, and by the Court of Conſcience which Chriſtians erect in their own Hearts; and not by the Deciſions of the Biſhops and Paſtors of the Church; nor are *ſuch* things properly ſubject to their Juriſdiction and Authority. This Anonymous Letter-writer is indeed ſo profeſs'd an Enemy to Conſcience and private Judgment in Matters of Religion, that I very much ſuſpect him to be ſome lurking *Romiſh* Emiſſary, adapting himſelf to the Air of the Times: And what almoſt confirms me in the Suſpicion, is, that thro' the whole Letter he ſeems mighty fond of the Words *Antient*, *Primitive*, *Catholick Church*; by which, every one knows, the modern Papiſts often expreſs the *Church of England*, meaning thereby, as it ſtood before the Reformation. Beſides; any one that conſiders his Notion of a *Reformation*, would

would be apt to think, that he meant a Reformation TO POPERY; for he expreſly ſays, *p.* 15.—— "That all thoſe who underſtand the true *Intereſts* "and *Claims* of the Church, will allow, that it "ſtill wants a *farther* Reformation; and that it "ought to approach *ſtill nearer* to the Eſtabliſhment "and Conſtitution of the *Primitive* Church:" Whereas on the contrary, moſt of our modern Churchmen are of Opinion, that we are already TOO FAR remov'd FROM Popery. But this is not all; for *p.* 19. after having given us his narrow Notions of Reformation-Principles, he proceeds openly to condemn our great *Proteſtant Reformers*, for a pack of ignorant and deſigning Perſons, in theſe Words. "I am very ſenſible, that the *Re-* "*formers* themſelves *did not*, all of *them*, *under-* "*ſtand* the true Nature and Conſtitution of the "*Chriſtian Church*; and that ſome of them, who "did underſtand thoſe Things, *were obliged to un-* "*reaſonable Compliances* with the Secular Powers, to "ſecure their Protection and Defence againſt the "Power of the Church of *Rome*, and its Adhe- "rents. The Church was oblig'd to purchaſe a "Reformation at a great Expence, both of its "*Spiritual* and *Temporal Intereſts*." Is it poſſible for any one to believe that ſo open and undiſ-

guis'd

guis'd an Attack upon the Reformation, can be made by one who even *calls* himſelf a *Proteſtant?* What follows is ſtill as remarkable.

"---*An Union* among Proteſtants---will be found, " to be very practicable, when the ſeveral ſorts " of Proteſtants ſhall have laid aſide their private " Intereſts, Partialities, and *particular Opinions* and " *Sentiments*; and reſign *their Judgments* to be di- " rected and govern'd by the *Laws* and *Authority* of " the *Catholick Church*.

Notwithſtanding what follows, I cannot poſſibly comprehend what he means by the *Laws* and *Authority of the Catholick Church*, unleſs he means of the Church of *Rome*; becauſe I know no *Church* beſides, to whoſe *Laws* and *Authority*, Chriſtians are required to reſign their *particular* Opinions, their Sentiments and their Judgments. In many other Places he earneſtly contends that Chriſtians are indiſpenſably bound to ſubmit to the *Dictates*, and *Authority of the Catholick Church*. From all which I think it very reaſonable to ſuſpect, that the Letter-writer is a profeſs'd Papiſt; but I may be miſtaken, ſince we are not without Examples of *profeſſed* Proteſtants of this ſort. However, I may very ſafely affirm, that he is a Proteſtant only in Profeſſion; ſo that it is amazing to me, to find him, *p.* 16. ridiculing the

pretty new Notion (as he calls it) of *Proteſtant Popery*, becauſe His whole Letter, if it be not directly Popiſh, is, I am ſure, far from being Proteſtant; it muſt be therefore a mixture of both, it muſt be *Proteſtant Popery*.

But to conclude, what I have ſaid in the following Pages, will either ſufficiently Apologize for itſelf, or will admit of no Apology. I ſhall only ſay, that it is intended for the Entertainment of none but Proteſtant Readers: For as to the furious, arbitrary, fallible-infallible Churchman; the *paſſive*, *non-reſiſting*, *Rebellious* Jacobite, and the inſolent *Aſſaſſinating* Nonjuror, I ſhall moſt joyfully, and with all Reſignation abandon myſelf to Their Hatred, and deſpiſe all Their Inſults, as I would the impotent Fury of Madmen in Fetters: They may burſt with Envy, if They pleaſe, without giving me any Uneaſineſs.

POST-

POSTSCRIPT.

I Do hereby publickly forbid the *reverend, learned and worthy* Doctors, SNAPE and SHERLOCK, with all their *Seconds*, and all other Persons whatsoever, at any future Pinch of Argument, to charge his Lordship, the *Bishop of Bangor*, with either directly or indirectly employing or encouraging the Author of the following Poem, *to abuse the whole Clergy of the Nation, in order to exalt his own Character:* For I do hereby declare, that I am an unconcern'd By-stander and Spectator, utterly unacquainted with the Person of his Lordship, and of all the principal Writers in this Controversy, and therefore disinterested on that Account; but that, warm'd into Resentment at the unchristian Behaviour of *some* Persons towards his Lordship, I did of myself, *unsway'd by either Hopes or Fears*, undertake this Task, without any Application made to me, or Encouragement from any Man upon Earth. And I do particularly command the *reverend, learned and worthy* Dean of *Chichester*, not to place me to his Lordship's Account, in his *future Catalogue of Abuses*; for that being myself alone the Person guilty, I do intreat him to let me bear myself

ſelf all the Imputations which may be fix'd upon my own Works, and which myſelf alone deſerve; and not bring innocent Perſons into the Quarrel. And I do, laſtly, deſire the World, if either of thoſe two *reverend*, *learned* and *worthy* Perſons, or any Body elſe ſhould, contrary to this Prohibition and Declaration, make uſe of the Name of this Poem, by way of Argument againſt his Lordſhip, to lay no weight upon it, but look upon it as meer Invention and ſtupid Forgery, as proceeding from an implacable Rancour of Heart, and from a Dearth of more material, argumentative, controverſial Calumny.

THE CONVOCATION. A POEM.

CANTO I.

A Prieſtly-War I ſing, and bloodleſs Field,
And pious Chiefs, in Paper Warfare ſkill'd;
Chiefs, that full oft have quarrell'd for their God,
And all the Mazes of the Schools have trod;

Profoundly skill'd to lead the World astray;
Skill'd to explain or gloss a Text away,
Unlimited Positions to restrain,
And, for a Turn, to hedge them in again:
Such Chiefs I sing, Religion's Reverend Sires,
Whom Conscience actuates, and the CHURCH (inspires.

Let others, venal Bards, in impious Lays,
Pamper Ambition, with immortal Praise;
In mournful Dirge let softer Coxcombs whine,
And idolize the Fair in ev'ry Line;
Let gentle *Gay* describe the Pastures green,
Or club with *Arburthnott* a luscious Scene;
Mine be the bolder Province, to engage
A vicious Priesthood, and degen'rate Age;
The furious *English-Papist* to chastise,
And strip him of his *Protestant Disguise*;
To tell what Heights ambitious *Synods* tow'r,
How o'er the Soul they claim a lawless Pow'r;

How

How the ſtaunch Church-man would his Faith (betray,
And quite refine the *Proteſtant* away;
And how to Glory and immortal Fame
Unweary'd HOADLY conſecrates his Name.

While I, my Lord, this pleaſing Taſk perſue,
And give to Merit its much-envy'd Due;
Do you, to whom this humble Verſe is paid,
Into my Breaſt infuſe your pow'rful Aid,
That, unacquainted with the Poet's Stream,
New to the Bays, nor equal to my Theme,
Rais'd by your Smiles, I may be taught to ſing,
And ſoar advent'rous on no vulgar Wing.

Fain would I trace, while you my Footſteps (guide,
The ſecret Source of *Sacerdotal Pride*;
Fain would I tell how Goſpel-Candour fails,
And the old LAUDEAN *Leven* ſtill prevails;
How

How Fraud and Prieſt-craft have debauch'd the
(Times,
And *Romiſh Bigots* ſwarm in *Britiſh* Climes.

Say, Muſe, what Pow'r inſpir'd the fierce De-
(bate,
And ſow'd in Heav'nly Breaſts the Seeds of Hate;
To lateſt Times tranſmit the wordy Fray,
And ſet the learned Hoſts in juſt Array,
Their Names, their Order, and their Numbers
(ſing,
And riſe undaunted on an Eagle's Wing.

Long ſet the glorious Sun of Goſpel-Light,
Involv'd in blackeſt Clouds of *Romiſh* Night;
The ſov'reign Prieſt aſpir'd into a God,
And on the Necks of the tame Lay-men trod:
From vulgar Eyes remov'd, and prying Day,
The ſacred Page obſcure in Cobwebs lay:
Voracious Wolves o'er-leap'd the hallow'd Mound,
And with religious Slaughter ſtrew'd the Ground.

The

The Papal Chair was fill'd with Sloth and Pride,
And ductile Conſcience own'd th'unerring Guide:
Indulgences and Pardons were retail'd,
And Sainted Murders thro' the World prevail'd:
Salvation paſs'd like Stocks and current Gold,
And Heav'n was, in Reverſion, bought and ſold:
The Idol triumph'd o'er th'exploded God,
And Perſecution ſhook her Iron Rod;
O'er-grown with Empire, and enormous Pow'rs,
The Tyrant Church-man Civil Rights devours:
From hence, Contention, Feud, and Civil Broil;
And Pagan Weeds o'er-run the Chriſtian Soil;
Ten thouſand pageant Fopperies ſucceed,
And Superſtition grows a Point of Creed;
Such carnal Principles become in Vogue,
That CHURCH and PRIEST are grown mere (Whore and Rogue;
Of ev'ry Grace and genuine Charm bereft,
Scarce is the Shadow of a Chriſtian left.

Now firſt in Arms our Warriour-Mother ſhone,
And o'er the World uſurp'd a Ghoſtly Throne:
Now firſt ſhe laid frail Argument aſide,
And learn'd by ſurer Methods to decide;
By penal Arts to propagate the Word,
And blend Religion with the Civil Sword;
Gibbets become the Engines of Diſpute,
And Racks and Flames the Heretick confute;
(For oft, what proves unable to convince
Imperial Reaſon, ſhakes the Coward Senſe;)
While Armies, whom pathetic Torments bend,
To holy Mother, as their Center, tend.

Not ſo our Lord and his Apoſtles taught,
Nor by ſuch Arts religious Converts wrought;
Candour and Love ſhone out in ev'ry Deed,
Nor did the ſtubborn Unbeliever bleed.

Thu

Thus lay the Chriſtian Faith in Errour drown'd,
And holy Pride and Ignorance profound,
'Till our *Reformers* broke the ruſhing Flood,
And in the fatal Breach unſhaken ſtood;
Inſpir'd from Heav'n, they met *Rome*'s keeneſt (Rage,
The FLEETWOODS and the HOADLYS of the Age
Nor fear'd to die in the unequal Strife,
But for each darling Truth they paid a Life:
Inly they wept, a firm and virtuous Few,
To ſee their SAVIOUR crucify'd a-new;
To ſee their holy Mother pierc'd with Wounds,
While ſacred Tyranny enlarg'd her Bounds;
Oppreſs'd with Fetters, and in Dungeons hurl'd,
Boldly they ſtruggled with a carnal World;
Shame, Want, and Pain, for their *Redeemer's* Sake
They bore, and ſmiling met the greedy Stake.

At length the glorious Cauſe of Heaven pre-
(vail'd,
And Hell and *Rome* their ruin'd Arts bewail'd;
They ſaw the Glories of the op'ning Age;
They ſaw, and kindled into fierceſt Rage:
Oppreſſion ſhook, diſarm'd her broken Chain,
And Inquiſition gnaſh'd her vengeful Teeth in
(vain;
The Church once more put on her native Light,
And ſhone in ev'ry Charm divinely bright;
From Shade and Errour *Goſpel-Truth* reviv'd,
And on the Earth once more th'Apoſtles liv'd.

Abroad we conquer'd our Apoſtate Foes:
But ſee! at Home a Race more fierce than thoſe,
Who plead to Tyranny a *Right Divine*,
And trace it back in one unbroken Line:
A Race, that loath th'old-faſhion'd *Goſpel-Light*,
New Doctrines coin, and foreign Gods invite,
The

The paſſive Text has ſo o'erturn'd their Brains,
They laugh at Freedom, and contend for Chains;
Each Sermon teems with their induſtrious Fears,
And wins, with artful Cant, the vulgar Ears;
The CHURCH is falling, falling is the STATE.
And they preach Dangers —— which themſelves
(create.

Still in our *Albion* Popery remains;
The Name proſcrib'd, the Spirit ſtill obtains:
Again we luſt for ſuperſtitious *Rome*,
And ſtrive once more to bring her Errors Home.
By Turns we leave each other in the Lurch;
By Turns unchriſten, and by Turns unchurch.
Th'ambitious, upſtart, ſacrificing Prieſt
Reigns abſolute, and lords it o'er his CHRIST;
On a new Foot projects the ſov'reign Scheme,
His *Prince* a Subject, and himſelf *Supreme*;
He pardons Sins, o'er-rules Divine Decrees,
And pleads a ſaucy Birth-right to the *Keys*;

While

While from the Preſs Anathemas abound,
And Pulpits laviſh their Damnations round.
Fain would the CHURCH her quondam Pow'rs (reſume;
And all's *Geneva* that diſſents from *Rome*.

Was it for this, Diviſions rent the Age,
And Inquiſition ſtalk'd with ten-fold Rage?
For this, with brain-ſick Jealouſies poſſeſs'd,
Did pious Thouſands ſtand the fiery Teſt?
For this, did Councils wage religious War,
Creeds rival Creeds; with Altars, Altars jar?
Is there in POPERY nothing but the Name,
A bugbear Word to ſet the World in Flame?
What have we labour'd then ſo many Years,
If vain our Doubts, and groundleſs are our Fears?
Why did we tremble ſo, if all was right;
Or why did *Cranmer* burn, or NASSAU fight?

Sor-

Sorrow and Rage poſſeſs my Soul by Turns,
And all the *Proteſtant* within me burns:
My honeſt Heart with Indignation glows,
And in full Tides my boiling Choler flows:
To my big Thought great *Burnett*'s Shade appears,
And *Tillotſon* his rev'rend Image rears;
Reforming CONFESSORS, as Seraphs bright,
Stand forth in Glory to my raviſh'd Sight,
And urge me onward to the promis'd Flight.

THE

THE CONVOCATION. A POEM.

CANTO II.

WHither, oh! whither muſt the Chriſtian turn?
From whom in this momentous Criſis learn?
When ſhall the *Church* from worldly Pomps be freed?
What Champion equal to the Godlike Deed?

Oh! when ſhall we ſhake off the Papal Chain,
If *William* fought, and *Smithfield* blaz'd in vain?

On you, my Lord, we fix our ardent Eyes,
And *Chriſtendom* to you for Succour flies;
To you the *Church* Her tow'ry Head inclines,
And begs Protection from your nervous Lines:
Fondly ſhe glories in ſo warm a *Son*,
While half her Tribe to Idol-Altars run;
With Chriſtian Zeal You lop the *Hydra*-Beaſt,
And from the Church divide the Selfiſh Prieſt:
Firm in Her Cauſe ſuſtain *Herculean* Toils,
And ſave Her from Her own inteſtine Broils:
By *GEORGE* and You with ſilent Joy ſhe ſees,
Her Turrets thicken, and Her Foes decreaſe;
Alike all hoſtile Cunning ſhe diſdains,
Whilſt or a *Hoadly* writes, or *Brunſwick* Reigns.

The ſtiff *Nonjuror* in thy Mirrour Page,
Surveys His Image with impatient Rage,

Whoſe

Whoſe pious Outſide, ſanctify'd with Art,
Conceals the lurking Viper at His Heart;
Good-Will to all, the Villain-Saint pretends,
While ranc'rous Hate His vengeful Boſom rends.
Swoln and elated with Religious Pride,
He views as Atheiſts all the World beſide:
His oſtentatious Conſcience he diſplays,
He faſts in Publick, and in Publick prays;
He bears a ſecret Grudge to human Race,
And inſolently ſcants unmeaſur'd Grace:
His Laymen-Victims in ſuch Numbers fall,
Scarce Hell's wide Dungeons will contain them all.

The Wretch our fulſome Liberty diſdains,
And ſwaggers in *Hereditary Chains*;
Demure of Aſpect, with uplifted Hand,
He calls down Vengeance on his Native Land;
The Thought of *Brunſwick* ſets his Soul on Flame,
And his Breaſt ſwells with Madneſs at the Name.

Well didſt thou, *Cibber*, ſhow him on the Stage,
A Traytor, luſtful, impotent of Rage,
Whom not one real Virtue does commend,
Falſe to his PRINCE, ungrateful to his *Friend*;
The Specious Veil of Conſcience you withdrew,
And ſent the Monſter forth to Publick View.

See! the rouz'd Genius of the *Church* ariſe!
See! Vengeance quicken in her glaring Eyes!
Around her Head ſhe throws the twiſting Snakes,
Her *Welſh* Blood kindles, and her Soul awakes,
Malignant Poiſon ſwells her Vip'rous Breaſt,
And all the Sacred Fury ſtands confeſs'd.

Acroſs the Main in that *Elyſian* Soil,
Where laviſh Nature crowns the Farmer's Toil,
Where tow'ring *Alps* and *Appennines* are ſeen;
And luſty Verdure cloaths the Plains between;
Deep in the ſilent Womb of Ancient Night,
Unknown for ever to the Dawn of Light;

The

The Goddeſs *Prieſtcraft* rules in Purple State,
And to the Neighb'ring Realms awards their Fate:
Sublime ſhe ſits upon a Throne of Gold,
And Reigns an Holy Tyrant uncontroul'd;
The Regal Scepter in one Hand ſhe bears,
In one a pompous wavy Scroll appears;
Where Subject-*Princes* their Allegiance plight,
And *Trent* in Golden Cyphers greets the Sight;
From down her Shoulders to her Rev'rend Feet,
A Length of Conſecrated Veſtments meet:
Her Brow is Circled with a Triple Crown,
Kings court her Smile, and *Europe* dreads her Frown.

Around the Goddeſs waits a num'rous Band
Of bloody Fiends, and haſte on each Command.

Here *Inquiſition* ſits, of monſtrous Size,
And darts around her Peſtilential Eyes;
With her foul Breath ſhe taints the Sick'ning Air,
And wreaths in noiſome Curls her Snaky Hair.

Her

Her op'ning Jaws, arrang'd in Iron Rows,
A frightful Armory of Teeth diſcloſe:
Her Robe is colour'd with a Crimſon Flood,
And her huge Belly ſwags with Chriſtian Blood;
Daggers and Whips her impious Hands ſuſtain,
And all th' ingenious Inſtruments of Pain:
With *Unity* the Vocal Walls reſound,
And *Hereſy* lies grov'ling on the Ground.

Neareſt to Her in all the ſpacious Cell,
Sits *Bigotry*, the Second-born of Hell;
Her Breaſt with a diſtemper'd Zeal is rent,
And rooted Pride, and pining Diſcontent:
Her ſcanty, narrow Soul diſdains to ſee
Our Wills like our Complexions diſagree;
In the ſame Track of Thought would goad Mankind,
And on the World impoſe one common Mind:
Wrapt in herſelf, and drunk with fond Conceit,
Nor knowing from Opinion to retreat.
To Argument ſhe ſhuts her partial Sight,
And Demonſtration ſheds too dim a Light:

No

No Reaſon can her darkling Mind controul,
And intellectual Error ſhades her Soul.

Here *Superſtition*, deck'd with gaudy Pride,
Attends the Goddeſs, like an *Eaſtern* Bride.
Her Robes with gorgeous Pageantry are wrought;
But fancy'd Terrors haunt her boding Thought.
Sham Miracles beyond what Poets feign;
And legendary Fables crowd her Brain.
Fantaſtick Viſions riſe before her Sight,
And all the empty Phantoms of the Night.
On meritorious Baubles ſhe depends,
Of Sainted Ruffians, and departed Friends.
To Idol-Saints ſhe lifts her earneſt Eyes,
And on Ten Thouſand Advocates relies.

Next in her Place *Implicit Faith* attends,
And ſolemnly before the Goddeſs bends.
Devoid of Eyes the monſter-Fiend appears;
But well is that Defect ſupply'd with Thouſand Ears:

To

To them she trusts with sanguine Confidence,
And yields to them each other passive Sense.
Absurdities for Gospel she receives,
And ev'n *Impossibilities* believes.

Hard by, her Sister *Ignorance* is seen,
With stupid Gaze, and indolent of Mien:
Her hoodwink'd Eyes are veil'd with solid Night,
And her Blood boils with Rancour and with Spight.
The greasy Beads she plies with restless Hands,
And mutters what herself not understands:

These, and a Thousand more of various Mien,
And various Aspect, wait the *Fury QUEEN*:
Hypocrisy assumes her awkard Guise,
She smites her Breast, and rolls her Saintly Eyes:
Pride, Avarice, Ambition, Rage, Deceit,
And tame Submission crouch beneath her Feet.
The Goddess casts around her haughty Look,
And on her Head the hissing Vipers shook:

Then

Then thus began, in a diſtemper'd Tone,
Moſt venerably riſing from her Throne.

" Still ſhall this *Northern Hereſy* ſucceed,
" Nor Sword, nor Poiſon kill the baleful Weed?
" Still ſhall the hated *Hoadly* riſe in Fame,
" And propagate his Doctrines with his Name?
" Still ſhall he Lord it with victorious Pride,
" And ſtill in Triumph o'er our Barriers ride?
" Unpuniſh'd ſtill ſhall he moleſt our Reign;
" Shall *Hickes* and *Howell* join their Force in vain.
" In vain ſhall *Brett* aſſert our dying Laws;
" In vain ſhall *Johnſon* labour in our Cauſe?
" *Johnſon* for us each human Cunning tries,
" Diſpenſes Oaths, and breaks thro' ſtrongeſt Ties?
" *Engliſh* his Habit, but his Heart is *mine*;
" A *Catholick* and *Orthodox Divine*.
" Nor theſe alone in *Albion*'s Iſle confeſs
" Our ghoſtly Throne from Pulpit and the Preſs
" Unnumber'd Chieftains, at the Signal Word,
" Will ſhine in Armour, and unſheath the Sword:

" From the remoteſt Diſtances will come,
" To curb this haughty *Prelate*, Foe to *Rome*.

" Soon as To-Morrow's Dawn reſtores the Light,
" The *Engliſh Synod* ſummon all their Might;
" In cloſe Debate to ſpend th' important Hours,
" And vindicate their ſacred injur'd Powers.
" Thus then I purpoſe ; — at Return of Day,
" Er'e the full Light has chas'd the Shades away,
" A choſen Spirit, turbulent, and loud,
" Shall wait and mingle in the Learned Crowd ;
" Inflame their Councils with revengeful Ire,
" And with the *Danger of the Church* inſpire.
" This Task, O *Inquiſition!* ſhall be thine,
" The glorious Province I to thee aſſign :
" In the warm *Junto* bear no vulgar Part,
" Breath Rancour and Revenge in ev'ry Heart.
" Againſt the *Prelate*, with uncommon Zeal,
" Go bawl and thunder out the Sacred Weal ;
" Awake to Vengeance each attentive Seer,
" And check his bold exorbitant Career :

" Call

" Call forth to Mind their glorious Actions paſt,
" When *Laud* or *Bonner* at the Helm were plac'd :
" Say how their ancient Liberties decay,
" Their Abſolute Command and Prieſtly Sway :
" Say how a *Biſhop* has attack'd their Rights,
" And in his SAVIOUR's Cauſe unpuniſh'd fights ;
" The *Sov'reign Empire of the Keys* reviles,
" And at their *Charter of Damnation* ſmiles :
" And how the contumacious Layman-Elf,
" Uſurps a Power of Judging for himſelf.

" If *Reaſon* fail, let *Cenſures* be apply'd,
" And let him feel thoſe Powers he half decry'd :
" Strike boldly, and with one deciſive Blow,
" The Popular Arch-Heretick o'erthrow ;
" But ſtrike with Caution, and diſſembled Love,
" And change awhile the *Scorpion* for the *Dove.*
" Alone his vicious Principles arraign,
" Reſpect and Honour for his Perſon feign :
" With ſeeming Grief the fatal Cauſe bewail ;
" And, ſurer to betray, firſt *Kiſs* and *Hail.*

" Stripp'd of his Lawn, in vain ſhall he relent,
" And of his Daring, when too late, repent.

She ſpoke ; and ſmiling like old *Chaos* ſeem'd,
When the firſt Spark thro' ſullen Darkneſs gleam'd :
The future Miſchief ſparkles in her Eyes,
And ſavage Tranſports in her Breaſt ariſe :
When *Inquiſition* roſe, with Vengeance ſtung,
The Snakes in Curls a-down her Shoulders hung :
On *Dæmon*-Wings ſhe reach'd the Coaſts of Day,
And ſhap'd to *Albion*'s chalky Cliffs her Way.

THE

THE CONVOCATION. A POEM.

CANTO III.

MEanwhile at the declining Noon of Night,
When gentle Sleep had veil'd each Mortal's (Sight;
With balmy Dews the ſmiling Paſtures weep,
Torrents are huſh'd, and drowſy Whirlwinds ſleep;
The

The Cattel ſlumber on the ſpacious Plain,
And Darkneſs rules o'er Earth, and Skies, and (Main:
Fatigu'd with public Cares and Toils of State,
(His Thoughts ſtill anxious for *Britannia*'s Fate,)
Ev'n mighty *BRUNSWICK* had reſign'd to (Reſt,
The golden Slumber ſpringing to His Breaſt;
When ſee, the Genius of our Iſle appears,
And gently whiſpers in the Monarch's Ears:
The Guardian-Form all clad in bloomy Light,
And ſeems a youthful Cherub to the Sight;
A golden Circlet binds his ſhining Hair,
Which from his Shoulders falls with wanton Air:
For ever watchful o'er the Godlike Man,
He ſpread his beaming Wings and thus began:

" Beware, O PRINCE, forewarn'd by Heav'n, (beware
" Approaching Danger, and elude the Snare:
" No

" No foreign Sword invades thy dreaded Reign,
" Nor calls Thee forth into the dusty Plain.
" *Urbino*'s Bankrupt-Youth, a warless Knight,
" Declines his boasted Claim and *Lineal Right* :
" No more of Conquest and of Empire dreams,
" And plots no longer his ill-fated Schemes.
" Ev'n *Sweden*'s King, for warlike Daring known,
" Repents his Rashness on the *British* Throne :
" The distant Realms to thy Decisions yield,
" And warring Kingdoms take or leave the Field.
" The *Turk* and *Austrian* wait for thy Command,
" And *Europe* trusts the Balance to thy Hand.

" But arm at Home against the threat'ned Blow,
" And in th' aspiring Churchman see the Foe ;
" Who domineers it in a Christian Way,
" And on the Gospel grafts Tyrannic Sway :
" The rising Sun beholds the op'ning War ;
" The summon'd Chiefs assembling from afar.

" The

" The Brazen Roof ſhall eccho to the Sound,
" When the bold Zealot with Applauſe is crown'd.
" But Thou, O PRINCE, aſſert the Chriſtian (Cauſe,
" And reſcue from the Traytor-Prieſt her Laws :
" Conſult the Welfare of the Church and State,
" And ſilence the fierce Strivings of Debate.

" Nor yet deſpair amongſt the reſt to find
" Some Rev'rend Paſtors of unſpotted Mind :
" *Hoadly*, by no ſiniſter Arts controul'd,
" Amongſt the Shepherds of the Chriſtian Fold,
" Th' immortal *Hoadly* ſhines with ſtrongeſt Light,
" Scarce the Sun more diffuſive or more bright :
" His boundleſs Love thro' all Mankind extends,
" And his worſt Foes are treated as his Friends :
" Nor yet alone his Chriſtian Virtues ſhine,
" The ableſt Scholar, as the beſt Divine :
" In Danger unappal'd he takes the Field,
" The Goſpel both his Weapon and his Shield :

" With

" With that alone he ſcorns all Hoſtile Blows,
" And ſingly triumphs o'er Ten thouſand Foes.

" At him the *Belial*-Prieſthood aim their Rage,
" And into Factions rend th' uniting Age :
" In various Shapes, as *Proteus* ever knew,
" Their vow'd Revenge relentleſs they perſue :
" A like the Chriſtian and the Man they blame,
" And cenſure both his Doctrines and his Fame ;
" The keen Reſentment rankles in each Heart,
" And Emulation points the venom'd Dart.

" *Fleetwood*, untouch'd with Pontificial Pride,
" Refers each Chriſtian to his Conſcience-Guide :
" Nor ſtudious the Believer to enſlave,
" Rejects all Pow'r, but what his Maſter gave.
" *Trimnel* and *Talbot*, Two immortal Names,
" Of Tyranny diſown the ſpurious Claims.
" For all Mankind the gen'rous *Kennet* lives ;
" And *Chillingworth* in *Pillonniere* revives.

" Beware, O PRINCE, forewarn'd by Heav'n, (beware
" Approaching Danger, and elude the Snare :
" From forth thy Boſom turn the Viper-Gueſt,
" Or, e'er he bite thee, cruſh him at thy Breaſt ;
" With timely Care th' impending Ill avert,
" Their Pride defeat, their Councils diſconcert :
" Awake, and heal Religion's bleeding Veins,
" So ſhall the World confeſs a *Brunſwick* reigns.

Thus having ſaid, he vaniſh'd from his Eyes,
And in a ſudden Blaze reſum'd the Skies.
Straitway the Monarch woke to dawning Light,
And in his Mind revolv'd the Viſion of the Night.

The Morn, now clad in Robes of various Dye,
Serenely bluſh'd along the op'ning Sky ;
Whoſe ſetting Light decides *Britannia*'s Doom,
And carries in Event the Fate of *Rome*.

Near

Near to that Place, where Juſtice lifts the Scale,
While Orphan-Right and Equity prevail :
Where the fam'd *Cowper* pleads the Widow's Cauſe,
And blunts the Edge of the too rigid Laws :
Where *King* and *Parker* roſe to early Fame,
And learned *Jekyll* gain'd a deathleſs Name :
In the adjacent Abbey of Renown,
Full in the *Weſtern* Canton of the Town,
The Synod is conven'd : His proper Place
Each truſty Member fills with rev'rend Grace ;
Immur'd they ſit within the brazen Wall,
And teach the Chriſtian Stocks to riſe or fall :
They fix the Layman's Faith, intent of Thought,
And ſtamp each Doctrine Orthodox by Vote ;
The Goſpel is declar'd an uſeleſs Guide,
And paſſive Crowds believe as they decide.

Now had the Fury reach'd the *Britiſh* Shore,
And juſt alighted at the Council Door :

Muſing ſhe paus'd a while; then entring took
Dawſon's ſleek Aſpect and unthinking look;
Like him ſhe ſails aloft, of bulky Size,
And lazy Miſts ſuffuſe her batt'ning Eyes;
Her goodly Preſence and Majeſtick Height,
With Veneration fill the obvious Sight;
Her ample Chin, full rev'rend to behold,
Voluminous deſcends in many a Fold.
The Churchman-Hag review'd her ſage Compeers,
And hemming, thus beſpoke the liſt'ning Seers.

" And ſhall unmark'd the daring *Hoadly* write,
" And ſcoff at our Deciſions in deſpight?
" For *Toleration* publickly declare,
" And ſhall we, paſſive as we are, forbear?
" Was't not enough, with ſacrilegious Hands,
" That the Eighth *Henry* ſpoil'd us of our Lands?
" (Ev'n whilſt I ſpeak, tranſported with Delight,
" The raviſh'd Manors ſwim before my Sight.)
" Was't not enough, that our Revenues loſt,
" And every pleaſing View of Empire croſt;

" That

" That of all former worldly Goods bereft,
" The Tenths alone are to the Clergy left?
" That, like th' Apoſtles, an abandon'd Race,
" We boaſt alone a double Share of Grace?
" That we alike with them, from whom we claim,
" Are grown a meer unformidable Name;
" And heir in one uninterrupted Line,
" Their Poverty, as well as Gifts Divine?
" But ſhall this Devil, to compleat our Shame,
" (With all due Rev'rence to ſo great a Name,)
" Shall he, obſervant of the fatal Hour,
" Deſpoil us of our Sacerdotal Power?
" Perfidious Wretch! that to advance his Cauſe,
" Durſt boldly trample on our Sacred Laws;
" And ſoundly ſtudious of the Layman's Praiſe,
" Himſelf, his Brethren, and —— the Church
(betrays.

" Soon as the Church was nam'd, with Grief
(oppreſs'd,
" A deep-fetch'd Murmur burſts from ev'ry Breaſt;
" The

" The Hag, her Fraud the better to conceal,
" Devoutly Sobbing with extatick Zeal,
" Stop'd ſhort a while; and thus reſum'd Diſcourſe.
" Why therefore uſe we not Religious Force?
" As yet at leaſt 'tis giv'n us to controul
" His headſtrong Neck, and tame his vaunting Soul;
" Let us at length exert our dormant Pow'rs,
" His is the wrangling Talent, and not ours;
" Each latent Fraud unerring, he deſcries,
" And points it out to leſs ſagacious Eyes;
" Reaſon no longer will our Cauſe ſupport,
" And Sophiſtry hath made her laſt Effort:
" 'Tis time at length *Authority* awake,
" And from her Limbs the drowſy Slumber ſhake;
" We ſtill, tho' routed on the liſted Plain,
" The Faſtneſs of Authority retain:
" Let then Authority confirm our Zeal,
" And who ſhall from Authority appeal?
" Juſtice and Honour calls us; for 'tis fit
" We boldly Cenſure what he boldly Writ.

" But

" But first, if I foresee aright, 'tis best
" That formally their Lordships be address'd;
" Our Miter'd Fathers with indulgent Care,
" No doubt will listen to our filial Pray'r;
" If they refuse to grant what we implore,
" We'll vote them useless as we've done before;
" And by our selves in this Affair proceed,
" While each true *Churchman* shall applaud the
(Deed.

She spoke, and lowring sate. When *Bisse* began,
A florid Pulpiteer and rev'rend Man.

" What you advise, O! Brother, I approve,
" With Speed their Lordships and his Grace to move;
" Just are your Fears, and your Resentments just,
" Of the bold Prelate, that betrays his Trust;
" Who under Covert of the Publick Good,
" Imbrues his Fingers in his Mother's Blood.
" And over-weaning of his reas'ning Strain,
" Does our whole Church-Oeconomy arraign,

" Ex-

" Exhorts the Layman, in his wonted Pride,
" Her Articles and Canons to deride ;
" To laugh at Outcries of all human Fear,
" And to be happy bids him be ſincere:
" To Chriſt alone he has the Pow'r confin'd,
" To ſway the Conſcience, and to rule the Mind ;
" To Chriſt alone all lawful Pow'r is giv'n,
" To treat with Sinners, and diſpoſe of Heav'n.

" With Grief unfeign'd, and deep Concern of Heart,
" I bear in this Conſiſtory a Part.
" The Church alone extorts theſe Throws of Zeal,
" My lateſt Hours devoted to her Weal :
" Ev'n now, methinks, I ſee her tott'ring Wall,
" Which nodding ſeems to bode her ſudden Fall :
" To ev'ry Sect her Portals are thrown wide,
" And Danger threatens her on every Side :
" Long has ſhe ſtood the Shock of civil Blows,
" From daring Atheiſts and *Socinian*-Foes :
" In vain have Sectaries conſpired her Doom ;
" In vain have foreign Arms and Feuds at Home :

" At

" At length the Chriſtian Vineyard to deface,
" And leave without a Fence the hallow'd Space,
" A Biſhop undertakes, with monſtrous Hands;
" And ſaps himſelf the Ground on which he ſtands;
" Reſolv'd at once the Prieſthood to dethrone,
" And to his *Saviour* King ſubmit alone.

No more the Sage each Danger could repeat,
But deeply groan'd and ſunk into his Seat:
When *Proteus* thus harangu'd the rev'rend Crowd,
And utter'd theſe ill-omen'd Words aloud.

" What then remains, but that with one Accord,
" In our Defence we draw the Sacred Sword?
" Her Freedom ſtill ſhall wayward Conſcience boaſt,
" In her own giddy Wilds of Error loſt?
" A Curſe on lateſt Ages to derive,
" Still authoriz'd ſhall *Hereſy* ſurvive?
" Still ſhall the *Panther* wear her ſpotted Hide,
" And the ſtrict *Union* of the Church divide?

" Nor ſhall the Civil Arm avenge our Cauſe,
" And force Obedience to the Chriſtian Laws?
" In wordy Parle, devoid of binding Pow'rs,
" What boots it to protract the tedious Hours?
" Or what avails the Croſier and the Lawn,
" If worldly Sanctions hap'ly be withdrawn?
" Riſe, Brethren, riſe; with the vindictive Rod,
" Protect your Altars and aſſert your God.

O Mortal, raſh of Soul, with Zeal o'ercaſt,
Blind to the future, thoughtleſs of the paſt!
With ill tim'd Rage whilſt *Hoadly* you accuſe,
Know the ſame Vengeance the ſame Guilt perſues:
Too late, alas! you'll curſe the luckleſs Hour,
And wiſh again the Minutes in your Pow'r:
Nor labour'd Darkneſs ſhall conceal your Shame,
Nor all the Flow'rs of Speech repair your Fame.

Now the fam'd *Busby*'s Succeſſor aroſe,
And ſnuffled his Suſpicions thro' his Noſe:

Then

Then *Cannon* herding in the common Cry,
Condemns he knows not what, he knows not why.
A num'rous Party the same Fears confess;
With equal Sorrow, and Concern no less;
Their raging Veins with Floods of Spleen ferment,
And beat impatient for the great Event.

When *Stanhope* thus address'd them from the (Chair:

" Well does a falling Church deserve your Care;
" Our sinking Altars call aloud for Aid;
" Our Temples shaken, and our Rights betray'd.
" You see, my Brethren, with what boastful Pride,
" Our regular Succession is decry'd:
" What dang'rous Tenets to the World are taught,
" Our Pow'rs Ecclesiastic set at nought.
" With you the fatal Juncture I deplore,
" And dread his Doctrines much, his Influence (more.
" Wherefore some Cure must be apply'd with Speed,
" (Heav'n grant our joint Endeavours may succeed.)

" In lukewarm Counſels we debate in vain,
" The ſcoffing Prelate mocks our idle Reign.
" Forthwith then a COMMITTEE be aſſign'd,
" In ample Form to repreſent our Mind ;
" In ſoothing Words to dreſs our pious Fears,
" And ask Redreſs from our paternal Seers.
" With utmoſt Care ſelect the truſty Band,
" Prompt for the *Church* to act as we command ;
" Of known Attachment to her drooping Laws,
" And zealous to promote the dying Cauſe.
" Nor let this Opportunity be loſt,
" And each conſenting kind Concurrence croſs'd :
" The lucky Minutes, as they haſt away,
" Seem to upbraid us for this ſhort Delay :
" All Hardſhips and Reproaches we defy ;
" Our *Church* demands it, and we muſt comply.

He ſate ; when ſtraitway the deputed NINE
Retiring enter on the great Deſign :
Unqueſtion'd Churchmen all, a ſturdy Band,
And ſtrongly charm'd with abſolute Command.

In

In ſolemn Conclave now the Clan engage,
And ſqueeze out Hereſy from ev'ry Page:
From each ambiguous Word they wreſt Offence,
By puzzling Grammar, and perplexing Senſe;
To fix the grievous Charge they toil all Night,
And ſcarce their Counſels end with Morning Light.

Soon as the riſing Sun had left the Main,
In Synod meet the zealous Seers again:
When now the grave *Committee-Men* appear,
And ſhake the learned Scroll with ſcornful Leer.
The poignant Words are read; th' applauding (Court
Joyful receive and enter the REPORT:
When nought remain'd but that with their Requeſt
The Mitre'd Fathers ſtraitway be addreſs'd.

But ſee, alas! how mortal Man may fail,
Nor will his fineſt Policies avail;
What various Chances wait the ſureſt Blow?
And how precarious are all Things below?

Juſt

Juſt as with haſty Steps the Dome they ſought,
Their utmoſt Wiſhes to a Criſis brought;
Juſt as they enter'd with their ſmart Appeal,
The *Royal Mandate* intercepts their Zeal.

Say, Muſe, what Wonder through the Dome appear'd,
When firſt the fatal word *Prorogu'd* was heard;
What ſudden Sorrows and Laments aroſe,
What Jealouſy of Friends, and Dread of Foes:
Their Boſoms burn with diſappointed Rage,
And pale Confuſion marks each gaping Sage;
Her borrow'd Form the Fury laid aſide,
And croſt on Wings of Wind the briny Tide.
The gnaſhing Seers, unknowing whom to blame,
Retire oppreſs'd with Madneſs and with Shame,
Alike from Synod and the Town retire,
To dine each *Sunday* with the neighbr'ing 'Squire.

So

So when of late on *Scotia*'s barren Plain,
The Rebel Clans deſpis'd their SOV'RAIGN's Reign,
A while they bluſter'd, terrible in Arms,
And ſcar'd the Loyal Swain with dire Alarms:
But ſoon as *Brunſwick*'s Thunder once was heard,
The paſſive Warriors ſudden diſappear'd;
Content amongſt their Native Rocks to dwell,
And plot their Treaſons in the *Highland-Cell.*

THE

THE CONVOCATION. A POEM.

CANTO IV.

THE Worldling *Churchman*, raging with Defeat,
Renews his Hate, and burns with double (Heat.
Tho' foil'd in Synod, he laments the Day
That snatch'd his Pow'rs, his darling Pow'rs away;

Tho' ſpoil'd of all Authority Supreme,
He ſees his Empire vaniſh like a Dream.
The free-born Tongue not Monarchs can reſtrain;
And ſtill the Pulpit and the Preſs remain:
Still 'tis allow'd him in Scholaſtick Fight,
To plead his Ghoſtly Pow'rs and injur'd Right.

The Paper-War ſucceeds: From ev'ry Part
The ſcribbling Chiefs are clad in Terms of Art;
Each riſing Sun renews the Pamphlet Fight;
(The lurking Jeſuit gladd'ning at the Sight,)
His Warlike Pen the Bigot-Churchman draws,
And *Hoadly* combats in the Chriſtian Cauſe;
Each ſaucy Prieſtling to the Battel flies,
And in the Sacred Liſts with *Bangor* vies;
All, Sanguine, promiſe to themſelves Succeſs,
And Reams of Martial Learning crowd the Preſs.

Do thou, O Muſe, the warring Prieſts rehearſe,
And ſwell with Pamphlet-Combatants thy Verſe:

Say

Say what unnumber'd Champions of Renown,
Stewards of Peace, and Worthies of the Gown,
Alike both *Brunſwick* and their *Saviour* hate;
Alike the Freedom of our Church and State:
And who, on either to compleat their Rage,
Attack the ſtrongeſt Bulwark of the Age.
Let no Compaſſion on the Traytors fall,
Looſe all thy Satire, and exhauſt thy Gall.

Firſt, ſtern *Orbilius* in the Liſts appears,
Debauch'd in Faction from his Infant Years;
A graceleſs Miſcreant, that long ſince o'ercame
The virtuous Glowings, and the Pangs of Shame:
God ſent him forth in Wrath to curſe the Earth;
His Principles more ſordid than his Birth,
To wage eternal War with ſpotleſs Truth,
And ſow Sedition in the tender Youth.

When *Pedagogues* in Controverſy deal,
What Conflicts muſt an Adverſary feel?

Pride and Ill-Nature ſeaſons all his Stile,
Each Paragraph o'erflows with Pedant-Bile :
His ev'ry Period crabbed and ſevere,
Smells of the Birch and terrifies the Ear.

Touch'd by his Pen, Religion fades away,
And all Her lovely Oracles decay :
The Chriſtian Truths with fainter Glory ſhine,
And dwindle into Prieſtcraft through each Line.
Sprung from the Anvil, and inur'd to Flame,
For *Fervency* the Champion he became :
Devotion, ſo he thinks, conſiſts in Sweat,
In Agonies, in Calentures, and Heat.
Ignatius thus met Heav'n half way in Air,
Wrapp'd in a furious Hurricane of Pray'r.
The *Worldly Church* in his Affections Reigns,
As ſome Men court the Heireſs for her Gains :
Charm'd he beholds her abſolute Command,
And wreſts the Scepter from his Saviour's Hand.

In

In ſacred Chivalry no bolder Knight
Thro' *Albion*'s Iſle provokes the Pamphlet-Fight;
With dauntleſs Proweſs he attacks the Foe;
His throbbing Veins with martial Ardors glow.
Like the fam'd *Swiſs* he thrives in Venal Fray,
And takes the Liſts for Convocation-Pay:
With labour'd Frauds he ſtuffs his ſhining Page,
And proſtitutes his Conſcience to his Rage:
His Malice to no Parties is confin'd,
But hates alike all Proteſtant Mankind.

No more, ye Sages moſt profoundly wiſe,
That live beneath the *European* Skies,
In ſearch of Antichriſt diſturb our Peace;
Your grave Diſputes, and your Enquiries ceaſe:
In vain the ſever'd World you traverſe o'er,
Behold the Monſter on the *Britiſh* Shore.

Next, *Proteus*, churliſh ſhuffling Dean, appears,
And ſhows to publick View his *Phrygian* Ears:

Ham-

Hamper'd by *Sykes*, confounded and perplext,
Ten Thouſand Ways he racks the ſtubborn Text;
The ſtubborn Text elaſtic Force retains,
And by its ſelf alone its ſelf explains:
A Wight ſo inconſiſtent in each Deed,
As Contradiction were his darling Creed.
Prompt to unſheath, deſpis'd by righteous Men,
His ſelf-vexatious, ſelf-condemning-Pen:
Skill'd to extract a Meaning; and refine
On plaineſt Words, a *Gentleman*-Divine.
With Coxcombs moſt his flaſhy Parts excel,
He reaſons poorly — but he rallies well.
Reveal'd alone to the uncommon wiſe,
His Argument retires in dark Diſguiſe,
With luſcious Ornaments of Wit laid thick,
Hard-labour'd Flights, and Strains of Rhetorick:
Thro' endleſs, puzzling Mazes led around,
The Reader thinks himſelf on Fairy Ground;
No faithful Clue directs his wand'ring Feet,
While to the View unnumber'd Windings meet:

With

With painful Steps from Path to Path he ſtrays,
And wanders on, bewilder'd in the Maze.

But ſee! a Sermonizing Bard ſteps forth,
And vents his Rancour on diſtinguiſh'd Worth;
His gloomy Aſpect writhen with Grimace,
And not a Beam of Sunſhine gilds his Face:
Each Feature ſpeaks him raviſh'd from the Plow,
And torpid Dulneſs ſlumbers o'er his Brow:
In whom Two Faculties united ſhine,
A Motley-Piece, half Poet, half Divine.
Here in ſoft Accents whining *Abra* plains;
Here modern *Peace-Wrights* ſwell his fuſtian Strains:
If in the Pulpit he the Preacher ape,
The liſt'ning Vulgar for Sedition gape.
How oft, O *Oxford*, have thy Pupil-Throng
Catch'd the dry Precept ſtrugling from his Tongue?
In vain, the Muſe diſdains Mechanic Rules,
And ſhuns the Commerce of Pedantick Schools.

But

But say, vain Wretch, what Madness thee excites,
Thee to correct what *Hoadly* better writes?
Say, after *Dryden*, how durst thou translate?
And fear'st thou not, presumptuous, *Milbourn*'s Fate?
By what blind Folly led, durst thou oppose,
Thy Pygmy Sense against such matchless Foes;
Thy Verse so languid, and so dull thy Prose?
Better for thee, egregious Pulpiteer,
To preach Damnation to the startled Ear:
Better for thee, amidst thy fav'rite Crowd,
To belch the Dangers of the *Church* aloud;
Than to the Press commit thy hasty Zeal,
And to the Layman's common Sense appeal:
Better, than thus awake Fanatick Rage,
And tempt the Fury of a Whiggish Age.

Nonjuring Magus next the War sustains,
And *Sermon* and *Preservative* arraigns:

Than

Than him none better pleads in Paper-Fight
The Prieſt's Succeſſive Apoſtolic Right :
None cramps the Conſcience more in penal Ties,
Nor Proteſtant *Sincerity* decries ;
Than *Magus* none in ſtronger Terms confeſs'd,
Aſſerts a blind Submiſſion to the Prieſt :
But moſt he labours to th' indocile Brain,
A regular Succeſſion to explain ;
Profoundly skill'd in Heraldry Divine,
He ſearches their Hereditary Line :
Uninterrupted thro' a Chain of Years,
Their Sacerdotal Pedigree appears.
Not more exactly down from *Noah*'s Flood,
The *Welſhman* traces his deſcending Blood ;
With Scorn our upſtart, *Engliſh* Race diſdains,
And boaſts the antient Patriarch in his Veins.

Majeſtick *Mammon* now maintains the Cauſe,
And for the Church his pointleſs Weapon draws ;
For Mother *Church* full zealouſly he groans,
And from the Preſs pours forth *Religious Moans* ;

His mournful Pages ſwell with *burſting Sighs*,
And Tears ſuborn'd guſh from his ſtreaming Eyes:
A worthleſs Wretch, ſo far beneath our Lays,
That ev'n to mention is almoſt to praiſe;
His Forehead unſuſceptible of Shame,
He borrows from his Infamy his Fame;
Secure he laughs at the Satyrick Muſe,
And ſtill unhurt his wonted Arts perſues.
In vain we laviſh all our boaſted Art,
Nor will our keeneſt Arrows touch his Heart.

To form a *Venus* once, as Authors tell,
The Painter ſummon'd many a ſhining *Belle*,
Scarce all th' aſſembled Toaſts of ancient *Greece*,
In all their Charms could furniſh out the faultleſs (Piece:
And ſuch Deformities in *Mammon* meet,
To make the Monſter and the Fiend compleat;
That to deſcribe him in theſe impious Times,
The puzzled Bard muſt club a Nation's Crimes:

The

The empty Minion of a reſtleſs Crowd,
Rich, haughty, lazy, ignorant, and proud;
A bold Aſſerter of the Prieſtly Reign,
As *Lewis* and *S*———*l*, impudent and vain.

Archdeacon *Momus* with dead-doing Hands
Condemns by Wholeſale, and with Cenſure brands:
Againſt each Sentence he exerts his Rage,
And all Hell breathes thro' his licentious Page:
A Grave and Theological Buffoon,
He feaſts his Reader with divine Lampoon;
And ſtrongly touch'd with the Religious Spleen,
Outvies the Pedant-Doctor, and the Dean.
Nor *Hoadly* feels alone of earthly Men,
The keen, Iambick Rancour of his Pen:
He calls the wiſeſt *King* the worſt of Fools,
As ignorant of Laws, by which he rules.
Ev'n the World's* Saviour, undiſguis'd of Heart,
Is charg'd with vile prevaricating Art:

* M——'s *Remarks*. 2d Edit. p. 23.

And rather than his wicked Claims deny,
The ſpotleſs *Jeſus* muſt return a Lye.
The Liege-Man with the Chriſtian well agrees,
Againſt both human and divine Decrees.

The *Prolocutor* now his Strength eſſays,
And ſtalks ſublime in Magiſterial Phraſe:
Diſlodg'd from Pow'r, the Patriarch boils with Rage,
And breaths *Authority* in ev'ry Page.
While cloudy *C* ——*n* wraps his Thoughts in Night,
And throws a Veil before the Readers Sight.

When now in dread Array a bloody Train
From *Grubſtreet* ruſh, and crowd the peopled Plain:
Unnumber'd Libels from the Preſs are ſped,
To ſatiate Malice, and for daily Bread;
S—th, *L--w--s*, *H—ly*, *J—n-s*, *C—b—n* write,
And *H---l---d* burſts his Gall to wreak his Spite:
Two martial Bards advance, with Thirſt of Praiſe,
And fight the Church's Cauſe in Dogrel Lays;

Pul-

Pulpit and Preſs fictitious Ills engage,
And combat Windmills with *Quixotic* Rage :
Tumultuous Din and Clangor ſhakes the Sky,
And each vile Scribbler waves his Banners high.

In vain ye labour, O ye Sons of *Rome*,
In vain of Proteſtants conſpire the Doom ;
The watchful *Hoadly*, with unſleeping Eyes,
Guards from rapacious Hands the golden Prize :
While *Whitby*, ſtrong as an Apoſtle writes,
And *Burnet* in the gen'rous Work unites,
Burnet, whoſe Deeds to early Fame aſpire,
Who treads the Footſteps of his Learned Sire :
While *Teniſon*, by virtuous Motives ſway'd,
Proteſts againſt you, nor vouchſafes his Aid :
While *Sykes*, immortal *Sykes*, and *Pillonniere*,
And *Kennet*, *Hughes*, and *Prat*, and *Pyle* adhere :
Your ſubtleſt Labours and Deſigns ſhall fail,
Nor all the Cunning of the Schools prevail :
Sooner ſhall groſs Abſurdities agree,
And Lawyers and the Leech refuſe their Fee :

Sooner

Sooner Old Age ſhall be reſtor'd to Youth,
And Contradictions ſoften into Truth:
The cluſt'ring Vine ſhall thrive on barren Ground,
And *Oxford* with ſtaunch Loyaliſts abound:
Sooner ſhall Traytors mourn expiring Laws,
Ambitious Synods plead Religion's Cauſe:
Earth's Rebel Sons once more ſhall Heav'n defy,
And *Stuart*'s Baſtard Race with *Brunſwick* vye.

THE

THE CONVOCATION. A POEM.

CANTO V.

WHile the fierce Conteſt rages from afar,
And hoſtile Pamphlets breathe alternate War:
The carnal Prieſts at ev'ry Shock o'erthrown,
Now truſt to pungent Calumny alone:
Repuls'd in mad Confuſion they retreat,
And rallying ſtill th' unequal Fight repeat.

Ceaſe-

Ceaſeleſs they labour by inſidious Arts,
To taint and prepoſſeſs the People's Hearts:
The ſtrongeſt Ties of Conſcience they forego,
And load with Slander the victorious Foe.

As *S——pe* involv'd in thoughtful Malice lay,
Thro' all the Wilds of Viſion ſnatch'd away,
A gloomy Form ſtood preſent to his Sight,
Of black *Tartarean* Hue, that *Scandal* hight;
A Monſtrous Fiend, of ſuch prodigious Size,
Her Feet on Earth, her Head was hid in Skies:
On thouſand Wings up-born ſhe ſoars ſublime,
From Pole to Pole, and ev'ry diſtant Clime:
With Thouſand ſearching Eyes and liſt'ning Ears,
All ſecret Slanders ſhe both ſees and hears;
And what ſhe ſees and hears, each blaſting Sound
She trumpets with a thouſand Tongues around.
Her ſallow Cheeks ne'er felt the circling Blood,
And on her Head the Snakes erected ſtood:
The circling Blood her ſhrivel'd Veins forſook,
And all the Fury open'd in her Look:

Diſtor-

Distorted was her Brow, and in her Hand
She wav'd aloft to Sight a flaming Brand:
Thrice with the burning Torch she gently press'd,
And sped the livid Poison to his Breast.

The wrathful Priest indulg'd the pleasing Scene,
And waking burn'd with more than native Spleen:
Invention quicken'd in his *Gothick* Brain,
And Lies spontaneous crown'd his fruitful Pain;
His throbbing Veins with double Fury swell,
And rose in all the Energy of Hell.

And now he meditates the fatal Blow,
And clad in Scandal-Armour meets the Foe;
No more his Doctrines, but his Person wounds,
And with decisive Calumny confounds:
With frequent Disappointments sorely pain'd,
Impatient to revenge and unrestrain'd,
He guides his Weapon to the tend'rest Part,
And with Detraction stabs him to the Heart:

The tedious Work of Argument lays down,
And dubs himſelf the *Paſquin* of the Town,
From Coffee-Houſe to Coffee-Houſe he flies,
Unwearied in the Search of ſolemn Lies;
With Hear-ſay Calumnies he fills the Scale,
With Traſh of School-Boys and a Goſſip's Tale;
Trepans each heedleſs Paſſenger he meets,
And violent arreſts him in the Streets:
In private Talk th' unwary Tongue inſnares,
While each raſh Accent his own Comment bears.

The Preſs malignant breathes obdurate Hate,
And groans with controverſial *Billingsgate*.
Ev'n *Bangor* proves a Jeſuit in Diſguiſe;
Such mighty Force in bare-fac'd Scandal lies.
Bangor, the Champion of the *Whiggiſh* Cauſe,
So oft with Conqueſt crown'd, and with Applauſe;
Bangor, the boaſted Proteſtant Divine,
Whoſe Triumphs in recording Annals ſhine.

Im-

Immortal *Snape* the great Diſcovery made,
And to the World the ſubtle Cheat betray'd:
Nor flatter'd him in Words of modern Vogue,
But ſpoke his Mind ——— My Lord, you are a (Rogue,
A cunning, canting Traytor, void of Grace;
And call'd him perjur'd Raſcal to his Face.

Vain, impious Wiſh! to taint ſuch ſpotleſs Fame,
And ſtop the uſeful Influence of his Name!
What Fiend, what Devil has inſpir'd thy Mind,
To laugh at all the Ties of Human Kind;
Each ſtrong Impulſe of Nature to deny,
And give thy Conſcience and thy God the Lie?

The injur'd Prelate, of unbounded Love,
Wiſe as the Serpent, harmleſs as the Dove,
Undaunted riſes in his juſt Defence,
And to the World appeals for Innocence:

To God and Man ſubmitting ev'ry Part ;
To Man his Actions, and to God his Heart.
He looks with Scorn on a cenſorious Age,
And pities each mad Sally of their Rage ;
Ungovern'd, envious Tongues conſpire in vain ;
His ſhining Virtues mock their impious Pain ;
Thro' a whole Series of deſerving Years,
No Stain, no Blemiſh in his Fame appears :
The Tenor of his Life all glorious Bright,
Pure and unſpotted as the Morning Light.
The Miſts of Slander fly before his Name,
And ſerve to brighten, not obſcure his Fame.

O! *Nicholſon*, by what blind Paſſions led,
What wild *Capricio's* hurry'd round thy Head ? —
But curb thy Satire, Muſe, nor dare reprove,
Whom *Brunſwick* and whom *Hoadly* deign to love.
O ! ſtop, raſh Muſe, the too ill-natur'd Tale,
And o'er this *Blemiſh* caſt a friendly Veil.

He err'd, by diſingenuous Arts betray'd,
And undeſigning from his Conſcience ſtray'd:
Nor let this Failing blaſt his better Days,
And ſtop the Progreſs of his future Praiſe:
Long live to lateſt Times his deathleſs Fame,
Long live the Honours that adorn'd his Name,
When whilom he eſpous'd his Sov'reign's Cauſe,
And labour'd for our Liberties and Laws:
Bangor and *Kennet* in his Favour plead;
Bangor and *Kennet* have forgiv'n the Deed.

Here cloſe, my faithful Muſe, the ſhocking (Scene,
Here ceaſe thy Labours and ſuppreſs thy Spleen,
Nor tell how *Proteus* ſtill new Shapes puts on,
And labours to compleat what *Snape* begun:
The tedious Clue of Calumny lay down,
Nor wade through all the *Kennels of the Town*:
Triumphant o'er the vanquiſh'd Foe rejoice,
And to the Victor lift thy grateful Voice.

Hail!

Hail! great Supporter of your Countrey's Laws!
Hail! great Supporter of the Chriſtian Cauſe!
Whoſe Zeal alike to Church and State ſhines forth,
And ſpeaks the *Prelate*'s and the *Patriot*'s Worth;
To thee th' officious Muſe directs her Flight,
And tow'rs ambitious the un-bounded Height.
The *Britiſh* Muſe no Dangers can diſmay,
If Juſtice prompt, and *You* inſpire the Lay.

Thus would I tell to future Worlds your Fame,
How from Reproach you ſave your envy'd Name:
From ev'ry Part ward off redoubled Blows,
Whole Hoſts repelling of invidious Foes,
Who view you poſted in an Orb too bright,
Turn pale and ſicken with ſuperior Light:
Diſtinguiſh'd Worth ferments their jaundic'd Blood,
And Emulation rolls the ſpleenful Flood.
Calm and ſerene you ſee the Tempeſt riſe,
Nor dread the ruffled Deeps and angry Skies;

In your own artleſs Innocence ſecure,
You teach us what a Chriſtian can endure ;
Wrongs unprovok'd with Candor you requite,
And in the midſt of Wars in Peace delight.

Thus the great Founder of the Chriſtian Name,
Subdu'd his Foes, and ſtubborn Crowds o'ercame :
Unmov'd himſelf, their thickeſt Darts re-preſs'd,
The bitter Taunt, and the licentious Jeſt.
Benevolence and Love each Action ſway'd,
And Virulence with Meekneſs he repaid.

Thro' many a ſhining Year I trace thy Name,
To the firſt glorious Dawnings of thy Fame :
Wreſtling with Error from thy early Youth,
And crown'd with Lawrels in the Wars of Truth.
From impious Pens you vindicate the Word,
And reſcue Conſcience from the Penal Sword ;
Thro' ev'ry Page what lovely Truths appear,
Thy Reas'nings ſtrong, and thy Expreſſions clear ?

From

From human Creeds you free the Chriſtian Mind,
And gain the publick Thanks of Lay-Mankind.

The Proteſtant is written in thy Face,
And Candor opens with an honeſt Grace;
Thy Aſpect ſpeaks abundant in thy Praiſe,
And ſtill we love the more, the more we gaze.
Wrapt in thy Name, my Heart in Triumph beats,
And my warm Pulſe exults with living Heats.
Tranſports divine within my Boſom roll,
And in each Line I pour out half my Soul.

Late, very late may'ſt thou from Earth remove
To thoſe eternal bliſsful Scenes above,
Where choral Angels ſing their Maker's Praiſe,
And *Teniſon* breaks forth in heav'nly Lays:
O! late may'ſt thou partake the Joys Divine,
And with thy kindred Stars in Glory ſhine.

Mean-

Meanwhile, my Lord, perſue this glorious Cauſe,
And ſave whole Nations from Tyrannic Laws :
Diſpel each Cloud of ſuperſtitious Fears,
And with the Sound of Freedom charm our Ears :
Remoteſt *Chriſtendom* ſhall hear your Fame,
And future Tyrants tremble at your Name.
See! on his *Hoadly* from yon' Worlds of Light,
The mighty *Naſſau* bends his grateful Sight !
Ev'n *Brunſwick* owes his Sceptre to thy Hand,
And rules a reſtleſs diſcontented Land.
For ſee ! the * *Jacobite*, to Madneſs wrought,
Plans the groſs Treaſon in his murd'rous Thought ;
Full gallantly he plays the Traytor's Part,
And dies with Royal Bloodſhed at his Heart :
Madding he bids each ſanguine Hope good-night,
And diſappointed, hangs for very Spight :
Burſting with Envy he reſigns his Breath,
And mutters Treaſon in the Pangs of Death.

* James Shepheard, *Saint and Martyr.*

Accept, my Lord, this tributary Praiſe,
And deign to pardon my preſumptuous Lays:
In your own Works you Live, ſecure of Fame,
And through all Ages ſhall deſcend your Name,
'Till Nature and her Elements decay,
And all the frail Creation fades away.

FINIS.

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